

PARALLEL STORES OF FAMOUS CRIMES

The Loot of the Kingston National

Low a Bit of Wax Saved the Cashier from Arrest and Disgrace and Betrayed the Real Thieves.

BY HENRY C. TERRY.

HAVE often wondered what Mr. Sherlock Holmes or Monsieur Legoo would have done if confronted with the problem of the robbery of the Kingston National. The detective of fiction, you say, is never in real life. Here is a story which proves the opposite. I doubt if the famous scientist of Dr. Gaboriau's imagination would have proceeded more ingeniously or successfully to the final untying of the tangle than did Detective Price. The only difference is that the detective of fiction would have written up the mystery and then built toward the solution, while the detective of real life built toward the solution, while the detective of fiction built toward the solution, while the detective of real life built toward the solution.

WILY MITCHELL'S YARN.

A crook who is up to snuff," said Wily Mitchell, who is noted among the things for having been tried and convicted three times for murder, "and I am ready to do anything in the business. I must be like a good general. He always arranges his plans so as to cover his retreat. I know about all the top-notch thieves in the city. I have noticed a singular defect in most of them.

Some thieves are so constituted that they do not mind going to jail for a five or ten years. Punishment of that sort has no terrors for them, and while liberty is sweet to every man, they take their medicine, and rather enjoy prison life. I always had a horror of going to prison, but it was never quite strong enough to lead me to become honest. When the big door closed behind me every time that I entered jail I got a chill, and I never got over it until I was out in the sunshine again.

"So it naturally happened that when I was in active business, it was my special desire to do everything in my power to keep out of jail. I always paid a great deal more attention to having plans for a getaway after a robbery than the work itself. For that reason I used to get into quarrels with the men I worked with. They did not like my caution, and I have pulled many times out of what looked like a jam because I could not see my way clear to escape. It was my notion that any bit of money would pay, no matter how much money there was in it, if it were followed by a ten-year's contract with the state in the stone-breaking line.

"It was this trait of mind which led me into the Kingston National bank robbery. At the time when I ran against this trick I was a fugitive from justice, with the charge of killing Ned Wallace hanging over me, so, naturally, I had to go a bit slow. There was no doubt about my killing Ned, but I had to do it to save my own life. I knew I would be accounted for, but I hated to go through it all, and I made up my mind that the best way out of it was to keep under cover until the clouds blew away. I got over to Kingston, where I had a solid friend, and in my trips about the place I struck the bank.

"My attention was attracted to the bank by a story in one of the papers about a large sum of money which had been deposited in its vaults by some company that was going to build a railroad and a water works. I knew that this money was going to remain in the bank for several weeks, so I sent for Bill Noble, who was at that time running a gambling house in East Houston

street, near Broadway. Bill was always ready to take a hand with me because he understood my ways and I did his, and we never had any trouble. It was just what Bill wanted, for his bank had been his very life, and he did not mean to let it go. He was a very hot, and I knew that the copper was making a lively chase for me. I arranged with Bill for him to do all the preliminary work. He turned a book agent on short notice which gave him a chance to visit the bank without exciting suspicion.

"I don't remember what book it was that Bill was selling, but he did such slick work that the clerks bought all his stock, and he had to get more books to fill the orders, just to make it appear straight.

"While Bill was talking books he sized up the vault, and saw that the door was an old-fashioned affair with a new and intricate lock which had just come out, and was believed to be burglar-proof. Bill got everybody's phiz in the bank firmly fixed in his mind, and the signs on the desk in front of them indicated the part of the business that each man looked after.

"The next step was to find out who closed up the vault. This was a very delicate thing to pick up without being inquisitive. The fact that Bill had to deliver some more books at the bank opened the way to get this information. He kept back on the bank for several days, and found out the time that each man left, but he could not see from the street who had charge of the vault. When the books came Bill waited until banking hours were over before going to deliver them. He found several of the clerks busy closing up the books, and he showed that he was a genuine book agent by starting in to talk against time. Bill knew what he was after, and he got it, after waiting an hour. Bill saw that the cashier, whose name was Bell, looked up the vault. He used two sets of keys, one for the inner door to the small safe, and the other for the big iron outside door. Bill was close enough to the keys to remember them if he saw them again. Bill followed

the cashier to his home, which was in the suburbs, in a neat two-story cottage, and the preliminary work was over.

"It would have been easy to take the next step, which would be to get the keys and open the safe. That is what some thieves would have done, but I had a better trick up my sleeve, which came out of my caution, and would do as in making escape easy. It was developed in this way. A same night Bill found out about the keys, we made a call at Cashier Bell's house after the family had retired. We did not care to disturb their slumbers, so we entered the house through a parlor window. Bill had located the room in which the cashier slept, and I went there noiselessly. Either the cashier or his wife had a beautiful score, and I need not have been so careful in my operations. I found the cashier's trousers, removed the keys and returned to the street, where Bill was waiting.

"We went to a secluded spot where it was safe to flash a lantern. There I took a careful impression of the vault keys and the key of the front door of the bank in wax, and all the measures necessary. I then returned to the cashier's house and replaced the keys in his pockets just as I had found them. We closed up the house and went home.

"I immediately went to work on the keys. They used to say I was the best keymaker in the world. It took me about a day to file the keys.

"The night after we had called on Cashier Bell, Bill and I paid a visit to the bank about 2 o'clock in the morning, when we knew the policeman on duty was taking a snooze in a bakery.

"The keys worked like a charm. Five minutes after we entered the bank I was inside the vault, packing up my green stuff. I took all the money and such bonds as appeared to be negotiable. I worked lively, and in twenty minutes closed the doors of the vault and walked out with \$340,000 in my grip. We were in time to connect with a freight train. After riding about ten miles we left the train, crossed the Hudson to Rhinebeck, and took the first train to New York."

"I had a private consultation with the president and directors, and got from them the history of every man who worked in the bank, so far as I knew it. Every employee had a good reputation, was prominent in social and church affairs in the town, and had been with the bank for many years.

"I inquired very minutely into the methods of opening the safe. I learned that it required two men, the cashier and a clerk—each had a key to different doors. Without both of them being present the safe could not be opened. This looked like a promising lead, so I rushed my inquiries in that direction. I learned when the cashier was out of the safe on duty, the clerk was present the safe could not be opened. It was evident then that the

cashier had both keys. The president would not believe me when I told him of the state of affairs. It was a strict rule of the bank that the keys held by each man should not be surrendered to anyone except by order of the president.

"I then centered my attention on Cashier Bell and began to weave the net closer and closer about him. I learned that Bell had requested the clerk to give him the keys about a week before the robbery. The clerk was going to attend a ball, and the cashier had told him to let him have the keys, so he need not report as early as usual at the bank. The clerk gave up the keys. The cashier did not return them, although the clerk asked for them. Then I learned that Bell had been speculating through a broker in Wall street, and as near as I could get at it, had lost about \$8000 in a year, which was news to the bank officials.

"I found out that the cashier had held several interviews with strangers, and another startling fact—that on the night of the robbery Mrs. Bell had awakened and found that her husband was not in bed. She did not know where he was, and had not thought of a kidnapping. There were no suspicious circumstances against Bell. I became convinced that if he did not commit the robbery himself, he must certainly have had some knowledge of it.

"There were also many facts in Bell's favor, but the bank directors were convinced of his guilt, and he was arrested. I never saw a man who took his arrest so hard, and justly so, as it afterward turned out. He had a hearing, and so strong a case was made out against him that he was held for trial.

"Shortly after this there was a fire in the house of a Mrs. Libby Larsen. Being a bit of a fire fiend, I went to see the country boys work. They did such good work that they saved the house. I went into the place, and in a twinkling I was on the second floor, up a piece of wax. It would not have been noticed by any one not familiar with the methods of thieves, but I saw at a glance that it had been used to make an impression of two keys. I slipped it into my pocket and made a careful examination of it in my room. The impression showed that the keys were of intricate construction, and the thought flashed across my mind that they were very similar to the keys of the vault in the bank. I obtained the keys usually in a few days, and then went to the vault in the bank. I obtained the keys, and found that they fitted perfectly. This was new light on the

mystery. It seemed to be convincing proof that Bell had accomplices—probably the strangers he had met.

"I could not understand, however, how it was that a wax impression had been made of the keys which Bell had in his possession. Why go to all this trouble when the keys themselves could be used at any time?

"I took a peep at Mrs. Larsen without her knowing it. I told her I gave her a jump when I recognized her as Annie Skidmore, the wife of Bill Skidmore, a well known bank sneak. At last I began to see daylight. Annie was stopping at the house of a neighbor, after being burned out, and I learned that she had received \$1000 by telegram from New York the day of the fire. The wording of the telegram did not throw any light on the case.

"To my surprise and delight, Annie, the following day after I recognized her, left Kingston, and went to Albany. She showed her telegram in doing this, as the same night she took the train for New York. I knew from this secret movement that Annie had something important that she was trying to hide. I could tell by her easy movements that she thought she was safe. I telegraphed for a couple of detectives to meet me at the depot, as I could not tell what would turn up.

"It was lucky that I did so, for in the depot, waiting for Annie, were Wily Mitchell and Bill Noble, two of the brightest crooks in the land. They spoke with her a moment. I knew that they were making an appointment from the movement of her head. I sent the two men after Wily and Bill, and I went after Annie. She went to a private house on fourteenth street, remained there two hours, and then went out with a gray wig as a disguise.

"She was well known in this city. I surmised that she was going to meet her partners, and was convinced of it when she reached the corner of Greene street and Clinton place. I saw my partners taking a pipe on a house in Clinton place, and I quietly arrested Annie. I locked her up in the Mercer street station, went back to my partners, and requested Bill and Wily when they appeared. The street. They gave me the laugh, but that night I gave Annie the third degree. She finally broke down and told all about the robbery and the part Wily and Bill had played in it.

"The story pretended their innocence until I produced the wax impression of the keys. Then they were ready to confess, and gave up the stolen property to lighten their sentence. I recovered all the money except \$30,000, and sent my humble apology to Cashier Bell.

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